



Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine

Volume 10 *Expressions*

Article 18

5-1-2003

On a Whim

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Recommended Citation

Martinez, Natalia (2003) "On a Whim," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 10, Article 18.
Available at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol10/iss1/18

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On a Whim

Natalia Martinez

Roses are nothing but flamboyant marigolds,
A grass blade with enough pith to bloom,
A seed striving for blinding beauty,
A thorn envying its mother,
A drop of power under your soles
That makes you feel like you've stepped on the
world.

False illusions compressed together in ten
petals,
Lives gone by and deaths acknowledged and
forgotten
Crowns of bastards and of jokers...
Roses paint, with blood, the portrait.

What is left of the Bible women, of the Paris
folk, of the masquerading liars?
Traces of a breathing heart lie tired across my
chest:
The pieces of a life so fast forgotten.
To hell with the masquerades and the carnivals;
I dance on tombstones under the moonlight,
My teeth shine like wolves',
I'm a liar all over again.
And no one knows.